

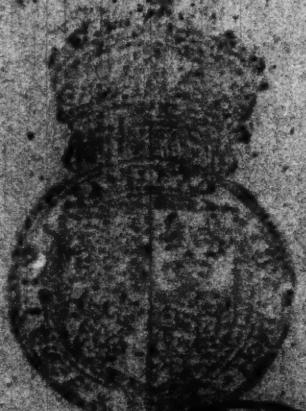


# A new Able Willing &

Wise History of  
England.

OR

The History of  
England  
from  
the  
Reign  
of  
Henry V.

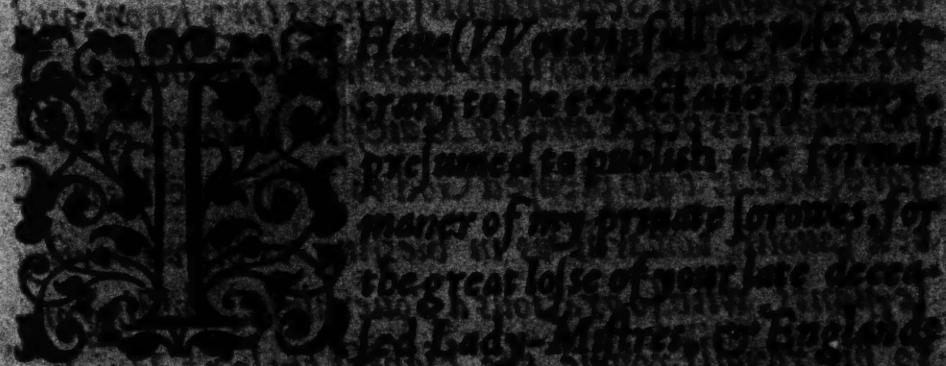


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## To the DUKE of YORK

M. Richard, Duke of York,  
and his sonnes the Earles of  
Warwicke & Rutland.



Soueraigne. And knowing your wisedome and discretione  
sure mourner for so great a losse, I have sent you this  
sbrouad my regreit vnderlyng, that I am not worthy  
yon deignes to shew me from the face of the earth  
as no fire of malice can haue powerte to perte me  
Sbrouad them at your pleasure, keepe them as long as you  
then you plese to mourne, when you thinke fit  
vnto the day of your decessare, or for so long  
long committance - note that your thinc caudeth  
cloddes, but that the memoriall of your selfe & your  
mōēt be soone alwaies carried in obliuion - God  
the sufficiente resting in this passage, and in the  
whicke we haue changed for the better  
make a bēter - how shalē shalē succeede  
dying? - I will sayng to you all the best. Elizabethe  
writen. 1581.

## Epistle Dedicatory.

berlife, you know, nay the world knowes her fame  
girdles in the earth: what her successor hath been in  
his Kingdom of Scotland, his subjects they know, and  
we haue heard, which hath been much to Gods glory,  
his countries peace and his Maesties honour; There-  
fore since it hath pleased God to continue his won-  
dered fauour towards vs in blessing vs his vnworthy  
seruants, with so gratiouse a Soueraigne, adding vnto  
his roiall Crowne the highest tytle of Maestic  
and earthlie dignitie: Graunt thou most of might  
(Almighty King) that our dread Soueraign Iames  
the first of that name of these threes united King-  
doms, England, France & Ireland, and of Scotland  
the sixth, maye be so directed and gouerned by thy  
Almighty hand, that he may rule his sevall King-  
doms in peace to thy glory, raigne in tranquillity  
Nestors yeeres to our comfort, and in the end, dye  
in thy fauour, to liue againe in glory with his eterni-  
z'd Sister diuine Eliza. Thus not dreading your  
kinde acceptance of my loue, I bumble take my  
leave.

Your Worships most  
obsequious  
Henry Petonne.

## The Induction.

I That obscure haue wept till eyes be drye,  
Wil teach my pen another while to weep:  
Obdurate hertes that they may mollifye,  
For losse of her that now in peace doth sleep.  
Peace rest with her, but sorowe wwith my pen,  
Till dead Eliza doth reviue agen.

Amongst high sp'ited Paragons of vvit,  
That mount beyond our earthlie pitch to fame,  
Creepes forth my Muse, ye great ones fauour it,  
Take her not vp, alas she is too tame.

Sheel come to hand if you but lure her to you,  
then vs her kindly, for shele kindly woc you.

And if this Infant of mine art lesse braune,  
passe with your sweet aplause as some haue done,  
And, meane goodfauour of the learned gaine

A 3

For

## The Induction.

For shouiring teares vpō Eliza's tombe. (yeres  
my Muse shall hatch such breed whē she's of  
shall bring you cōfort & dry vp your teates.

The last of many, yet not the least of all,  
Sing I a heauie dirdge for our late Queene:  
And singing, mourne Eliza's Funerall,  
The E p̄se of all that e're haue bee[n].  
She was, she is, and cuermore shall bee,  
the blessed Queene of sweet eternitie.

With her in heauen remaines her fame: on earth  
Each moderne Poet that can make a verse  
Writes of Eliza, euен at their Muses birth.  
Then why not I weepe on Eliza's Herte  
Som-where in England shall my lines go sleep  
till England read, and (England reading) weepe.

## *Eliza's Funerall.*

**T**hen withered the Primrose of delight,  
Hanging the head o're Sorowes garden wall:  
When you might see all pleasures shun the light,  
And liue obscure at Eliza's fall.  
Her fall from life to death, oh stay no further!  
Thogh she were dead, the shrill tong'd trump of heauen  
Rais'd her againe, think that you set her heere:  
Euen heere, oh where sootherere, shee's sicke bereauē  
For sweet Eliza in Elizas lines,  
In ioy beyond all thought. Then weepe no more,  
Your sighing weedes put off, for weeping giues  
(Wayling her losse) as seeming to deplore  
Our future towardes fortunes; mōrē not thens.  
Yon casela while but aoe you weepe agen,  
Why

ELIZA'S FAIRY FALL.

Why should a soule in passion be deny'd  
To haue true feeling of her essence misse?  
My toglet harts lost her selfe now deified; (blisse)  
I needs must moane her losse, though crownd with  
Then giue me leade, for I must weape a while,  
Tills sorrowe & Judge haue a lower ebbe;  
Let lamentation deaer finde a stile,  
To passe this daie of woe, vntill the webbe  
Appointed for my latest mourning weed  
Be spun and woven with a chearefull hand; (heauen)  
Then will I easly weape, I will indeed,  
And euery beating billewe will withstand.  
Twill nocht long before this webbe spun,  
Dy'd blacke, worn out and then my teares be done.  
(of)

*Elyz's Epitaph*

Of April smooth the eight and twentith day  
M. Six hundred three by computatione  
Is the prefixed time for sorrowes day  
That past : my mourning weeds grow longe of fashione  
Shall I by prayer bastes on the time? now hev  
Faine would I so becominge my selfe  
What can noysome prayars do for soule assuage  
Although the bodies be mortallities flesh y<sup>e</sup>are  
Divine shels for whom me my M<sup>r</sup> deth saue  
Though lastly mortall, now the spirituall,  
Glorious in heauen, shilles by Angels borne  
To liue with hem in blisse eternall.

Then come faire day of joyfull smiling faces  
Since my teares dry, come happy day to morrow.

B

Xcc

## Elizaw Funitall.

Yee Heraldis of my heart, my heauie groanes,  
My teares which if they could, wold shrowre like raine  
My heauie lookes and all my surdging mones;  
My modouing lamentations that complayne:  
When will you cease, or shall paine, never ceasing  
Seaze on my heart? oh mollifie your rage, plowndown  
Least your assault with ouer swift increasing,  
Procure my death, or call on tyngles age.  
She liues in peace whome I do morne for so,  
She liues in heauen; and yet my soule laments  
Since shalys so happye, lie coverre my woe  
To present ioy, turne all my languishments.  
And with my sorrowes see the time doth wash  
The day is come, and mid-day wehnigh past.

Gaze

## Elyas Funerall.

Gaze greedy eye: note what heur doth tholde, for W  
Our horizon is of a perfect how, looyd aynd sene as W  
As cleere as christall, and the day noyld det: aynd buA  
Yer thou sand blackes present hem to thy view, alio Y  
Three shiosand and od hundred cloudes appere, v: 17 G  
Vpon the easihly Element belowe, alio P  
As blacke as nighe, trampling the lower Spheare, d: li: A  
As by degrees from place to place they gote, d: viii: buA  
They passe away, of whether or passe they shen, l: 33: v: O  
Into a further clyme out of sight, v: vii: ou: v: i: y: S  
Like cloudes they were, but yet like clouded meane, o T  
Whose presence turn'd the day to sable night, l: 31: d: T  
They vanish whence, note what wat afer seide, H  
The knyght picture of a long dead Queene, b: no W  
31: 6: 1 Who

Edwina's Funerall.

Who like to see Blodeus in his golden Car, yhasing  
Was the bright eye of the obscured day: O comon in O  
And though his glorious prograce was not farre,  
Yet like this smiling Sunne this scroblaneclay.  
Drawne in a learey Chariote wylde with blacke,  
By foure faire Palfrayes that did hanighe heade, noq V  
As if those Ladyes Mistis they did lacke,  
And they buntyn the figure of the dead.  
Oh yee spectaclyr whiche did view thys sight!  
Say if you truelie say, could yon refraine, in kyngis court  
To shew thy obstaunce in deathe despight,  
That refched herice, whome art brought backe agayne?  
He shakyn her and had Edwinae, line (Quene  
Wouldswere) her signet more faire Englands T

or W

s. vi

Faire

## Eliza's Funerall.

Faire Englands Queene, even to the life though dead,  
Speake if I write not true, did you not crye  
Cry foorth amaine and say, her Princely head  
Lay on a pillowc of a crimson dye,  
Like a sweet beauty in a haplessse slumber?  
She is not dead, no sure it cannot bee,  
Thus with vnlikely hopes, the vulgar number  
Flatter them selues (oh sweet lyu'd blancke.)  
Indeed a man of iudgement would haue thought  
Had he not knowne she was dead (but seeing her so faire)  
Tryumphant drawn in robes so richly wrought  
Crownc on her head, in hand her scepter so  
At this rare sight he would haue sworne and faid  
To Parliament ride with his sweete slumbering Maid  
But

SINS.

## Eliza's Funerall.

But that my warrant's scald by crutches one hand,  
That in her counterfeit Art did excell:  
I would not say that in this little land,  
*Pigmalius* equall doth admire dwelt,  
Enough of that, and now my teares are done,  
Since she that dy'd lies now aboue the Spheres,  
Luna's extinct, and now beholde the Sunne,  
Whose beames soake vp the moysture of all teares,  
A Phoenix from her ashes doth arise,  
A King at whose faire Crowne all glory attyes.  
God graunt his royll vertues sympathize,  
Which late Eliza's, so God save King James.  
He that in loue to this saies not Amen,  
Pray God the villaine never speake agen. Amen.

FINIS.

The order and arrayd proceeding at  
the Funerall of the most high, renowned, fa-  
mous and mightie Princesse, Elizabeth of England,  
France and Ireland late Queene: from White-ball to the Ca-  
thedrall Church of Westminster. The 28. of April. 1603.



Before thou reade, prepare thine eyes to weepe,  
If that thine eyes containe one liquid teare,  
Or if thou canst not morne fall dead in sleepe,  
For naught but death such sorowes can nowe weare:  
Twill grieve heere after londes as yes emborne,  
That our soules losse did make so many morne.

Did make so many murther at bequie time  
That brought a period to her happy life.  
But crudel deale to the faire stroke was thine,  
Her losse is ours, beauen thereby gaines a wife.

Ye had not sinne hym bug'd in the armes of Pride,  
England had swold and beauen lost a Bride,  
But now, ob now our mourning Needes are on,  
And many thousand blakkes for her are worne:  
Whiche do demonstrate that Elizas gone,  
For whose un:imly losse so many mourne,  
What these sad mourners are, good reader see:  
And seeing reade, and reading weepe with me.

First, Knight Marshals men to  
make roome.  
Then folowed ix poore men,  
Next 260. poore women,  
Then Servants of Gentlemen,  
Esquiers, & Knights,  
Two Potters,  
Four Trumpeters,  
Wax Seal for roaynes  
• wollest

Rose, Pursuivant at Armes  
Two Sergeants at Armes  
The Standard of the Dragon  
Two Querries leading a hooded  
coueted in blake cloth  
Messengers of the Chamber  
Children, Of the Almonday  
Children of the Woodward  
Cordwainer

# Queen Elizabethes Funeral.

Children of the Scullery.

Children and Furners of the  
Pastry, Scalding house, and  
Larder.

Then followed Groomes,  
being:

Wheat-porters.

Coopers.

Wine-porters.

Conduits in the Bake-house.

Bell-ringer.

Maker of spice-bags

Cart-takers, chosen by y board

Long Carts.

Cart-takers.

Of the Almery.

Of the Stable.

Wood-yard.

Scullery.

Pastrye.

Scalding-house.

Poultrye.

Cater.

Boylng-house.

Larder.

Kitchin.

Lawndrie.

Ewerye.

Confecionarye.

Waferye.

Cheese.

Pieker-houſe.

Buntrye.

Seller.

Pantrye.

Bake-houſe.

Cotting-houſe.

Then, Noble-mens and Em-  
bassadours seruants. and,  
Groomes of the Chamber.

Four Trumpeters.

Blawemantle.

A Sergeant at Armes.

The Standerd of the Greyhound

Two Quarries leading a Horse,

Yeounen : being

Scrutors in the Hall.

Cart-takers.

Porters.

Almonrye.

Herbengers.

Wood-yard.

Scullery.

Pastrye.

Poultrie & Scalding-house.

Purveyors of the Poultrye.

Purveyors of the Alearie.

Stable.

Boylng house.

Larder.

Kitchin.

Lawndrie.

Ewerye.

Confecionarye.

Waferye.

Cheese.

Pieker-houſe.

Buntrye.

Purveyor of the Waxe.

Tallow.

Tallian Chander.      Chaundrye.  
Pitcher-houſe.      Brewes.  
Buzine.      Purveyors.  
Seller.      Pantrye.  
Garnſter.      Bake-houſe.  
Counting-houſe.      Spicerye.  
Chamber.      Robes.  
Wardrobe.      Erles and Countesses seruants.  
  
Four Trumpeters.  
Porcellus.  
A Sergeant at Armes.  
The Scanderd of the Lyon.  
Two Querries leading a horse  
trapped with blacke veluict.  
Sergeant of the Vestrie.  
Gentlemen of the Chappel in  
Coppe, having the Children  
of the Chappel in the mid-  
dle of their company, in fur-  
plies, all of them singing.  
  
Clarkes.  
Deputie Clarke of the market.  
Clarkes extraordinary.

Cofferet.  
Dycer.  
M. Cooke for the Household.  
Paffie.  
Larder.  
Scullerye.  
Wood-yard.  
Poultrye.  
Bake-houſe.  
Acattie.  
Scable.

Sergeants.  
Gene. Harbenger.  
Wood-yard.  
Scullerye.  
Paſtrye.  
Caterye.  
Larder.  
Ewerie.  
Seller.  
Pantrye.  
Bake-houſe.

M. Cooke of the Kitchin.  
Clarkes of the Equerie.  
Second clarke of the Chaundry.  
Third Clark of the Chaudry.  
Second Clark of the Kitchin.  
Third Clark of the Kitchin.  
Super-visors of the Dicſier.  
Surveyor of the Dicſier for the  
Chamber

Chamber.	Two Serjants for the Chamber
Musicians.	& French tongue whistlers
Apothecaries.	Rouge-Crosse.
Chirurgians.	Two Serjants at Armes
Sewers of the Hall.	The Banner of Cornwall
Marshall of the Hall.	Aldermen of London.
Sewers of the Chamber.	Soldier.
Groom-Porter.	Attourney.
Gent. Vshers quarter vngers.	Sergeants at Law.
Clarke.	M. of the Reuels.
Marshall.	M. of the Tents.
Auctor.	Knights, bachelors.
Chief Clark of the wardrobe.	Lord cheife Baron.
Chief Clark of the Kitchin.	Lord Cheife Justice.
Two Clarkes Controllor.	Common Pleas.
Clarkes of the Green-cloth.	M. of the Jewell-house.
M. of the Housholde.	Knightes, which have licence
Sir Henry Cocke Cofferer.	Embassadours.
Rouge Dragon.	Gentlemen Agents.
A Sergeant at Armes.	Servys for the Queene.
The Banner of Chester.	Servys for the bodye.
Clarkes of the Counsell.	Esquires of the bodye.
Clarkes of the priuie Seal.	Gent. of the priuie Chamber.
Clarkes of the Signet.	Gentlemen Pensioners, hold-
Clarkes of the Parliament.	ing their Polacks heades
Doctors of Phisick.	down-wards, counted all
Q. Chaplaines.	with blacke.

Heere Reader brey: & if thou like me whie,  
 That am care stokkeare them company.  
 But if its bigg spirit cannot mee folowe,  
 Wch am blythe flowers of bonow that droppe yee.

LANC-

The Duke of Ormond  
Lord Mayor of London  
Sindall, Popham, & Co. Drapers  
Sir John Suckling, Esq.  
Sir Richard Kneller, Painter

Secretary.

Controller of the Household  
Treasurer of the Household  
Master of Requests  
Agents for Venetian and French  
Estates.

Agents to Ireland to estimate

Windsor.

The Province of Ireland  
Baronies, sheriffs, & other Officers  
Bishops, Lord Justices, &c.  
Earls, & other Peers, &c.  
Viscounts.

Are they ready, as if they durst not weare  
Ready for her, thinke, and thinke with farrre intent,  
But had shew from her fayre as fair fayre,  
In memorye, shew would ffer fayre blaire betwix.

Whose doore remembraunce woulde moue by minde,  
I bryng thy paxtonnes home an vnto thy fonde.

The lively picture of her Maiesties whole body in her Parliament robes with a Crown on her heade and a Scepter in her hand, lying on the corpes shrin'd in lead, and balmed, couered with Purple velvet, borne in a Chariot drawne by fourt Horses trapt in Blacke-veluet.

